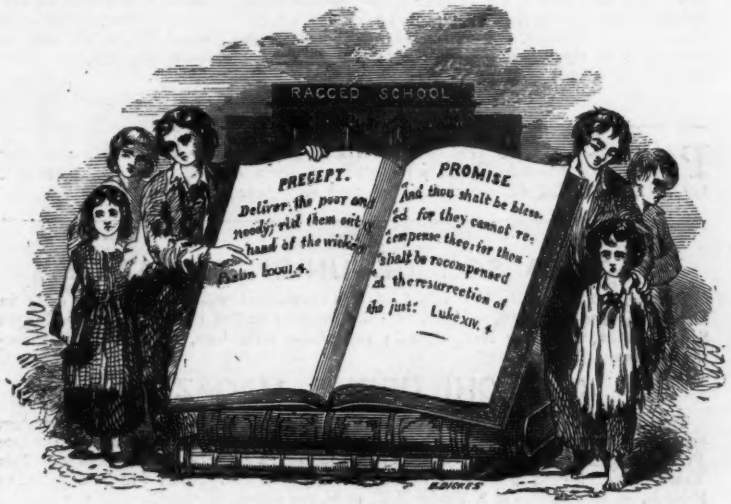
Price 2d.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

No. CLXVIII. DECEMBER, 1862. Vol. XIV.



"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Papers, Original and Selected—	
Distress Resulting from War	265
Another of Life's Bye-ways, and what I found there	270
Buck's Row New Ragged Schools, Whitechapel	278
In Memoriam	280
Death in a London Bog	282
Correspondence—	
Christian Young Men's Association and Ragged Schools	284
Title-page, Contents, &c., to Vol. XIV.	

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a box of clothing, &c., from an anonymous friend; a parcel of shirts from Mrs. Reade; a parcel of flannels from Miss F. A. Tucker; and three bags of miscellaneous articles from Mrs. Roche.

Donations of books for forming Ragged School Libraries, and left-off clothes, &c., for distribution to the children, will be thankfully received by Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

NOTICE TO THE SUPERINTENDENTS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.—A MEETING of the London Sunday School Superintendents and Secretaries will be held at the Lecture Hall, 56, Old Bailey, on FRIDAY, the 5th of December, at Half-past Seven in the Evening, when Mr. BRAIN, of the Sunday School Union, will open a Discussion on the "*Best Means of obtaining a larger supply of Teachers*," to which the Superintendents of Ragged Schools are specially invited to attend.

CARDS OF ADMISSION NOT REQUIRED.

PAID TEACHERS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.—A MEETING of the Teachers will be held in FIELD LANE SCHOOL-ROOM, on Wednesday, December 3rd. LORD RADSTOCK will preside. Tea at 5·30, and Chair to be taken at 6·30.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

The FOURTEENTH VOLUME of this Periodical will be published early in December, bound in cloth, price 2s. 6d.; and may be had at the Office of the Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand; and of the Publishers, KENT & Co., 52, Paternoster Row.

OUR CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE.

The FOURTH VOLUME of the NEW SERIES will be ready early in December, containing many Illustrations, with a beautiful Frontispiece of the Queen and the late Prince Consort. This volume will be found suitable for Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts. Bound in cloth, of various colours, price 10d. They will be supplied to Schools, on application, at 1, Exeter Hall, at 8s. per dozen.

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS, PRIZES, &c., TO RAGGED SCHOLARS.

Volumes of OUR CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE neatly bound in cloth, containing upwards of 50 Illustrations, can be had at the office of the Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall, and of Kent & Co., Paternoster Row, price 8s. per dozen. Back numbers for distribution, 1s. per packet of 50.

A CONCERT is to be given in St. James's Hall (kindly granted free), on December 12th, by the Bands of the G and H Divisions of Police, the Band of the Corps of Commissionaires, and the "Lancashire Band" from Heywood; the whole proceeds of which, without deduction, will go to the Lancashire Distress Fund. Mr. Burt has kindly undertaken to print the notices &c. free, and the performance is under the patronage of the Lord Mayor, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Shaftesbury. The tickets will be 1s. and 2s. 6d.

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE AND REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

OFFICE, 200, EUSTON ROAD, NEAR EUSTON SQUARE, N.W.

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NORTH: Cornwall Place, Holloway Rd., N. | SOUTH: St. James Place, Old Kent Rd., S.E.

The annual accounts of this Institution close on the 31st inst.

The Committee will require contributions to the amount of £300 to enable them to meet all the accounts falling due at the close of the year.

About 220 poor creatures will have been admitted to the Homes this year, making a total of upwards of 910 since September, 1857.

£10 is the average cost of each case to the funds of the Institution, therefore a donation of that amount opens a way of escape to an unfortunate.

The Committee will esteem it as a special favour if contributors will remit their Donations or Subscriptions on or before the 20th inst.

Subscriptions and donations in aid of this Institution will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.

Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.

Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, Euston Square, N.W.

Remittances always acknowledged by return of post.

ONE HUNDRED POPULAR HYMNS, Selected by R. MIMPRISS.
(Size, 38 in. by 27 in.) On Rollers, 12s.
London: The BRITISH AND COLONIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION (LIMITED), 5, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars; S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.; WERTHEIM & Co., 24, Paternoster Row; and may be had at the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION OFFICE, Exeter Hall.

☞ Place the roller on two long nails driven in, to stand about seven inches from the wall, so as to allow of the easy turning over of the Hymns.

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The Cottager in Town and Country.

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THE VOLUME FOR 1862.

Super-royal 4to, profusely Illustrated, price One Shilling and Sixpence.

This periodical has now completed its second year. Its circulation extends; and it continues to find favour with the public press, as well as to receive the encouraging approbation of many who are actively engaged in visiting the homes of the poor. The volume for 1862 contains twelve large full-page Pictures, and a variety of other Engravings by Gilbert, Anelay, Huard, Nicholson, and other artists. Its papers are written in the simplest language, and designed to meet the wants of the least educated among the labouring classes. They include numerous subjects well adapted to instruct and edify, both in things temporal and spiritual; to comfort and strengthen the poor and tempted; and to make the cottager's home in every respect happier and more prosperous. Something is provided for every member of the family—for the father at his work, and the mother and her little ones at home; nor are the aged and the sick forgotten.

Next year it is proposed to publish a series of chapters, under the title of "The Cottage at the Fire," descriptive of the incidents and duties of the ordinary life of the labouring man, and intended to show in a brief and simple way how the cottager's humble lot may be rendered happy and useful.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster Row; and all Booksellers.

NEW FEATURE—COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

With each Monthly Part of the "LEISURE HOUR" and the "SUNDAY AT HOME" for 1863 it is intended to issue a beautiful Coloured Plate, on toned paper. These Pictures, being fac-similes of Original Paintings by eminent Artists, will be executed in a style hitherto unattempted in connection with cheap periodical literature. In consideration of this new feature, the Monthly Parts will be sold at SIXPENCE instead of Fivepence. The first Part for the new year will be published on the 1st of February.

Copies of each Picture, price ONE PENNY, may also be had with the first weekly Number of each month.

The "LEISURE HOUR" Series for 1863 will consist of "PICTURES FROM THE POETS;" including "The Village Blacksmith;" "The Woodman;" "Napoleon and the English Sailor," painted by John Gilbert; "The Burial of Sir John Moore" "John Gilpin's Famous Ride;" "The Retreat from Moscow," painted by Nicholson; "Windsor Castle from the Thames," "Gibraltar," "Gray's Churchyard," and others of the Series, are in preparation.

The set of Illustrations in the "SUNDAY AT HOME" will commence with "The Prince of Wales at Machpelah," painted by Benwell; "Luther carried off to the Wartburg," painted by Zwecher; "The Loss of the Kent East Indiaman," painted by Weeden; "London during the Plague," "Scenes of Missionary Adventure," and other Pictures, will follow.

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THE

GROTTO PASSAGE

Refuge and Schools,

55, PADDINGTON STREET,

ST. MARYLEBONE, W.

"Blessed is he that considereth the Poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble."—*Psalm* xli. 1.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

The deficiency in the amount of the Subscriptions and Donations makes it necessary for the Committee to reduce the number of Inmates, in order to bring the expenses within the income; but before doing this they mention the facts, believing there must be some who would rejoice to contribute to a work which has been blessed of God, and which all allow is of incalculable benefit to society. There must be many on whom the gift, £1, £5, £10, or £50, would press very lightly; and there are surely some who would not grudge a little self-denial in order to give a helping hand to the friendless. Yet, for want of these very sums, many a poor boy must be turned starving into the streets, to begin perhaps a long career of crime, which may end in temporal and eternal ruin.

By the kindness and liberality of some friends there is a good Building which can accommodate 35 Boys, yet, unless the funds to feed and train these Boys are forthcoming, scarcely 20 can be maintained. Notwithstanding some discouragement there has been much to cheer; an outward change in the manners and habits of all the Boys, accompanied it is hoped, in not a few instances, by the change of heart.

Those who have learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and are in doubt of the worthiness of the object, are requested to visit the Institution and judge for themselves.

Any Contributions will be gladly received by—

The Hon. Miss WALDEGRAVE, 26, Portland Place, W.
Lord RADSTOCK, 30, Bryanston Square, W.
W. J. MAXWELL, Esq., Richmond, Surrey, S.W.
R. B. WADE, Esq., 58, Upper Seymour Street, S.W.
Sir CLAUDE SCOTT, Bart., & Co., Bankers, Cavendish Square, W.
Mr. GENT, Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall.

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Superintendents of Schools, Managers of Literary and Working Men's Institutes, and all who are engaged in instructing the unlearned, will find these Illustrations one of the best means of conveying solid information in an attractive form.

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New and improved edition of the CHEAPEST Sunday School Hymn Book.

Seventieth thousand, 104 pages, 32mo, price 2d., or 14s. per 100; or in cloth, 4d., or 28s. per 100,

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK:

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OGLE MEWS RAGGED SCHOOL,

Foley Street, St. Marylebone.

ERECTION OF THE NEW SCHOOLS.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

The immediate assistance of friends of Ragged Schools is very urgently and respectfully requested on behalf of the new building, in which many poor and destitute children will be sheltered from the streets and from their dark and miserable homes, and receive instruction which may profit them for time, and by a Gracious Saviour's blessing, for eternity also.

This School was established in Union Mews in 1843, and has now for nearly nineteen years been constantly engaged in Ragged School work. About £300 are yet required to complete the entire plans.

Contributions will be thankfully received by

The Rev. E. R. EARDLEY-WILMOT, 10, Chandos Street, W.
The Rev. W. CADMAN, 6, Albany Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.
Alderman Sir ROBERT W. CARDEN, 64, Wimpole Street, W.
Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

*** The Opening Meeting of the New Schools has been unavoidnbly POSTPONED till December. Further announcements will appear in *The Times*.

FRED. PITTS, 54, Foley Street, W.,
C. W. PRIESTLEY, 107, New Bond Street, W., } *Hon. Secs.*

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IN

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STENT, Rev. JOHN, 9, St. Anne's Villas, Notting Hill.

Chairman of Committee.

J. H. GLADSTONE, Esq.

Treasurer.
R. R. CAREW, Esq.

Hon. Sec.
G. MAXWELL, Esq.

Donations of New or Second-hand Bibles, for distribution amongst these poor people, will be very acceptable, and may be addressed to Mr. Brown, City Missionary, care of the Governor of Workmen's Hall, Portland Road, Notting Hill.

N.B.—See the Article in this Number entitled, "DEATH IN A LONDON BOG"!

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NEAR PETTICOAT LANE, WHITECHAPEL.

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MR. JOSEPH FEARN, 3, Albion Square, Dalston.
DR. KING, King Edward's Road, Hackney.
MR. HENRY HOPKINS, 6, Grange Road East, Dalston.

The Committee much regret having to make this public appeal on behalf of the funds of these Schools, but are obliged to do so owing to the heavy debt by which they are encumbered, and which threatens to put a speedy stop to their operations unless prompt aid is sought and found.

The Committee and teachers are too much encouraged by apparent results to relinquish their work without making one more urgent appeal for help.

The Institution is situate in one of the most degraded, depressed, and necessitous localities of London. It is held in a large house, formerly a public-house. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood are chiefly composed of costermongers, stall keepers, professional beggars, rag dealers, small tradesmen, dock labourers, a few hardworking, honest, poor artizans, but alas! a greater number of questionable and well-known bad characters, who live by systematic thieving and vices of the grossest character. The neighbourhood abounds with low lodging-houses. Here are, in vast numbers, poor children of Jewish, Dutch, German, and English parents, many of whom are very poor and greatly neglected.

Owing to the poverty of the locality in which the Schools are situated very little help can from thence be derived, and the Committee have to seek assistance elsewhere.

The liabilities for Rent, Taxes, Repairs, &c., &c., now amount to about £180, and to remove this Debt this appeal is made.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Secretaries, or any Member of Committee as above.

Reports will be forwarded on application to Secretaries.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

WHAT DISEASES ARE MORE FATAL in their consequences than neglected Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, or Lungular Affections? The first and best remedy is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

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N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words, "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

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Byrling, near Malling, Kent.

SIR,—Having suffered with asthma and shortness of breath for the last twenty years, and tried almost everything, but could never get the slightest relief, I was at last recommended to try your Cough Lozenges, and am happy and truly thankful to be able to tell you that before finishing the first shilling box I found great relief. I continued taking them through the winter, and was able to go out any weather. I beg, Sir, that you will accept my humble thanks; I feel that I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the benefit I have derived from your Lozenges.—Yours, FRANCIS EVENDEN.

To Mr. Keating, St. Paul's Churchyard.

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PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUGHS IN 10 MINUTES AFTER USE,

And instant relief and a rapid cure of

Asthma, Consumption, Influenza, Colds, and all Disorders of the Breath, Throat, and Lungs,

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DR LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS

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They give instant relief of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs.

THEY HAVE A PLEASANT TASTE.

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

The Chief Commissioner of the Sanitary Report, visited the Docks to inspect the PURE TEA imported by HORNIMAN & Co., LONDON, from having on investigation found that many teas in general use are covered by the Chinese with an objectionable powdered colour which is drank when the tea is made. Horniman's *Green* is a natural dull olive,—*not bluish*,—the *Black* is not intensely dark; by importing the leaf *uncolorea*, the Chinese cannot disguise and pass off as the best, brown flavourless sorts, consequently, Horniman's *Pure Tea* is *strong*, *delicious*, and *wholesome*. Price 3s. 8d., 4s. 0d. & 4s. 4d. per pound.

Christmas Presents
AND
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS,
FOR
All who Court the Gay and Festive Scenes,
AT THIS
Happy Period of the Year.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Is a delightfully Fragrant and Transparent Preparation for the Hair, and as an Invigorator and Beautifier beyond all precedent.

In dressing the Hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering it so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, imparting a transcendent lustre.—Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (equal to four small), and 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

For the Skin and Complexion, is unequalled for it rare and inestimable qualities, the radiant bloom it imparts to the Cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the Hands and Arms, its capability of soothing irritation, and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances, render it Indispensable to every Toilet.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

Or Pearl Dentifrice, for Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, Strengthening the Gums, and for giving a pleasing Fragrance to the Breath. It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a Pearl-like Whiteness.—Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

***** Ask for "ROWLANDS'" Articles.**

Papers, Original and Selected.

DISTRESS RESULTING FROM WAR.

An English author says, "Those evils which are the natural punishment of wrong-doing, are, doubtless, in the highest degree salutary and benevolent. But what shall we say of those evils which arise, without our own fault, from the course of nature? Are these consistent with wisdom and benevolence? Certainly. For if a continual flow of prosperity tends to enervate and corrupt the mind, then some intervals of affliction may be necessary to brace and strengthen it." Through one of these intervals of affliction the British nation, in common with others that are in any degree dependent on America for its raw material, is now passing. That America and Great Britain will arise from that affliction a better, because a chastened, people, we by no means doubt. In every age adversity has been respected as the school of virtue, and it is hoped the present will be no exception. There the world is unmasked; there the voice of conscience is heard, and the claims of futurity are felt. There, if anywhere, we are taught humility; the tear of penitence begins to flow; the soul is attuned to sympathy; fortitude and self-command are called forth; resignation bows submissive to the decree of Providence; while faith and hope lift our views and desires heavenward.

The calamity that has befallen Great Britain in general, but Lancashire in particular, may reduce the people of that county to pauperism, but not necessarily make paupers of them; it may bring them to beggary, but it does not follow they are to be beggars. They bear the affliction with Christian resignation and patience: no murmuring against employers; no outcry against the Government; no deprecating the authors of their suffering. They bear it as noble men and no less noble women, who lived upon their savings till the last shilling was spent before they were made willing to be aided from the voluntary offerings of their fellow-citizens. And even then Mr. Farnell, the special Commissioner, informs us that

"they will not come to the guardians," the guardians have "to go to them," while one single resource remains to them, to get them to accept necessary help. To such people, under such circumstances, who could deny themselves the great gratification of rendering help in this hour of need? The richest and the noblest in the land cannot, and have not, resisted this desire, nor have the poorest. Those gave of their abundance, but these of their penury. The pleasure experienced by each in giving was not perhaps in the proportion to the amount of the gift, but in the proportion the gift was to what the giver still possessed.

We say the poorest gave, and we say so advisedly and from our own knowledge. Last winter a group of children attended one of our schools so destitute that they rose from the boards, for they had not a bed worthy of the name, and resorted to their school without breakfast, for there was no bread in the cupboard, and no money in the pocket to buy any. The teacher indirectly finding out these facts, placed a saucepan of rice on the school fire, and by noon the hungry infants were dining off rice and salt. Never were thanks offered more hearty and sincere; never was so simple a meal thought to be a luxury. These very scholars a few days ago no sooner heard from their teacher the sufferings of the children of the Lancashire people, than they expressed a wish to do something for them. What could such poor little things do? One said he had a farthing, and another a halfpenny, and so the generous sympathetic feeling went round the room. Nearly all found they had something, and could do, and were willing to do, that something, and requested the teacher to receive their contributions. She consented, and, to encourage and to show an example, headed the list with a small sum from herself. The sum so collected was forwarded, with a note written by one of the scholars, in which the infants say, "Sometimes, when our fathers are out of work, we feel very hungry, and therefore we can feel for the little children of Lancashire." This sum was acknowledged in one of the public papers as having been received for and forwarded to the cotton district. It was the first in the list, and stood thus: "Children and teacher of Little Saffron Hill Ragged School, £0 10s. 0d." Those children will never regret the self-denial involved in the gifts, but they will long retain the pleasurable feeling they experienced in doing what they could to help others in their hour of need.

The shoe-black boys, too, have been gratifying themselves in a somewhat similar way and for the same object. At one of their

gatherings at their depôt, after their day's work, a short and interesting lecture was given on "Cotton," which naturally led in due course to cotton factories, to cotton hands, and their present distress. Many of those boys have what they call "banks;" that is, money saved out of earnings lodged in the Post Office Savings' Banks. It was suggested that out of their savings they might perhaps be able to give a little. Those that had less than a sovereign could give sixpence, and the others a shilling. The suggestion, if carried out, as made, might have realized about £2. The gifts were to be purely voluntary, and if not given with a willing and cheerful heart, they were not to be taken. The boys, however, responded with acclamation, and the suggestion was readily agreed to; but when the superintendent came to collect the money, many of the boys expressed a wish to give more than the proposed sum. In this way £8 1s. was subscribed by this one society, the number of the boys being about seventy. One of them, who had the highest sum in his bank, subscribed no less than 15s., which was thought by the Superintendent too much for him to give; but as a justification of his decision, he said, "*It was only a shilling in the pound on his capital.*" He is a lame boy, who is saving up as much money as he can, anticipating, doubtless, that he will find great difficulty in getting employment when he leaves the society. It may be that the actual self-denial is not so great in boys of our society as in those who give a few pence out of their precarious day's earnings; but the readiness with which they all acknowledged the duty of giving, and the cheerfulness with which those who had most gave largely of their abundance, may well be an example to us all. As a general rule, the boys gave a shilling in the pound on their little capital. If all England were to do the same, the required sum would soon be raised.

We have a little hesitancy in pressing the children of Ragged Schools, in a systematic and official manner, for their pence to aid in this emergency. We have received pressing requests to do so, but feel we must leave it to pure, spontaneous effort, encouraged only by local friends and as circumstances will admit. The known poverty of many of the children in most of our schools is such that it would be undesirable to bring any *undue* influence to bear upon them. The Secretary of one of the schools in the west of London has written to say she had lately visited the house of a poor woman who had just died through poverty; that she had been informed that

another would die of starvation if not visited. She went. It was, however, too late, for want had done its work. Three other cases were on hand, but it was hoped they would be saved. In the east of London, Mr. Coroner Walthew has just held his inquest on the body of Elizabeth Loney, who died from starvation. She occupied a small room, for which she agreed to pay two shillings per week, but was £1 5s. in arrear. On November 8th she was not seen as usual, and the key being in the lock, the door was opened, and she was found on the floor a corpse. She had been out the previous evening to buy a quarter of an ounce of tea, and as soon as she returned home, must have fallen down through exhaustion and died, as the little packet of tea was found in her hand. The doctor gave evidence to the effect that "bad living, want of sufficient nourishment, and cold, accelerated her death." These cases are given to show, that as the children of such persons are the scholars of our schools, we ought to hesitate before we systematically and officially appeal to the schools for contributions to augment the total to be sent to the North. Of course we shall be glad to hear of all spontaneous efforts of the schools, and greatly rejoice should they be general, though the amount in each case may, in itself, be insignificant.

The appeal made by the Sunday School Union to the whole of the ordinary Sunday schools, is very different. The children attending those schools are of a better class. They have pocket-money, and it is only a part of Christian training to give them frequent opportunities to exercise the gift of giving. And what could be a more desirable object than to give pocket-money to buy bread for the starving and well-behaved Lancashire weavers? The following is the address issued by the Committee of the Sunday School Union to the children of Sunday schools. We insert it, hoping it may thereby be the means of adding a little more to the noble sums being raised.

THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

TO THE SUNDAY SCHOLARS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

DEAR CHILDREN,

It is all true! There are thousands of Sunday scholars, and a great many of their teachers, almost *starving*. So hungry, and scarcely a morsel of bread to eat! so poor, that they have no money to buy clothes to wear, or coals to keep them warm! and winter is coming with her snow, and frost, and cold!

Do you ask why? We will tell you. It is no fault of theirs. They are willing to

work, but cannot get work to do. Far away across the wide deep sea, in America, there is a dreadful war raging, and these young persons and their teachers, who live in Lancashire, worked at spinning and weaving the COTTON which used to come from America. But very little cotton comes now, and they have no work, so they cannot earn money to buy food, and clothing, and firing with.

They are asking the Sunday scholars and teachers in London and throughout the country to help them. Will YOU say "YES"? We are sure you will. Then save all the farthings, and halfpennies, and pennies you can, and give them to your teachers on Sunday, and they will send the money to the poor children that are starving. Help them! and help them at once! There is no time to be lost!

Fathers and mothers! do encourage your little ones to help in this urgent work of benevolence and duty.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

56, OLD BAILEY, LONDON, E.C.
October, 1862.

We are delighted to find that London is stirred to its centre on behalf of Lancashire, and that at the meeting held at the Mansion House, on November 21, a sum total received up to the previous evening by the Mansion House Committee alone had reached the noble sum of £173,848 10s. 1d., and that the weekly receipts were over £35,000. In addition to which 2,400 bales and parcels of clothing had been received at Bridewell for the relief of the distress in the North. We repeat, we are delighted at these results, and hope the efforts will continue as long as the urgency for them remains. To do so it would only be needful to carry out an excellent request made by a clergyman to his congregation in the west of London, that each person attending the church should give the value of one of his ordinary dinners every Sabbath morning to the fund. This done everywhere, would give the relief required, and could be given over and above the more ordinary benevolence for more consecutive Christian efforts. As it is, it is feared that the aid sent North is, to a considerable extent, money drawn off from our educational, missionary, and benevolent societies.

From information received, it is clear that the liabilities and debts on the London Ragged Schools are seriously increasing, and, in some cases, threatening to bring the schools to a speedy close. And on looking over the accounts of the Central Society, the Ragged School Union, it is also clear there is also a serious falling off in contributions, showing that in the last six months the Committee have voted away about £1,600 more than in the same period they have received. This is serious, but knowing well the cause, it

forms no ground for murmuring. It is, however, well for our co-workers to know the fact, that they may husband well their resources, and that our supporters may know it too, that a helping hand may be rendered to us as soon as that hand is sufficiently disengaged from more immediately necessitous claims.

ANOTHER OF LIFE'S BYE-WAYS, AND WHAT I FOUND THERE.

(*Concluded from page* 253.)

"One cold, clear, moonlight night, as I sat by the fire, brooding over the past—especially the death-bed scene, and the conduct of all parties it brought to the house—I was disturbed by a smart rapping at the door. On its being opened, how amazed was I to behold my father—yet it was he, dressed like a gentleman too. In a moment he embraced me, kissed me, and called me his boy. In a moment all parties in the dwelling, from different apartments, were standing round us. Questions in scores were put to him as to his health, mother, his worldly prospects, but especially the object of his evening visit. After some replies had been made, and Poll had returned with a whole bottle of 'skyey,' Murray, his mother, and my father retired to another room, leaving me, as usual, alone with Polly, busy at work. I drew nearer the fire, and, resting my head upon my hands, looked into it, and felt as if I were reading a book, its curling smoke, dancing flames, and red-hot coals forming the pictures on its pages. Whilst I was reading my flaming story, and staring at the burning faces that were grinning at me among the live coals, I was startled by a burst of loud words, followed by the heavy thump as of a clenched fist on the table. The words that fell first upon my ear were from the lips of Murray. 'Now, Footy, "to be, or not to be, that's the question."' A driving of chairs drowned the reply; the next moment they were in the room beside me, my father's eye glancing with fire, and shouting at the top of his voice, 'Be! it shall be now; even this very moment. Zuc, pack up your traps, and prepare for leaving this hornets' nest.' In less time than it took to utter the command, I was down stairs, my whole wardrobe dangling in a spotted handkerchief. Amid a shower of evil words and imprecations from both sides, I left that wretched home without a sob or a sigh. One regret only dwelt in my heart; I sorrowed deeply to leave poor Polly. There she stood amid the Babel of curses and accusations, silent and thoughtful, a statue of flesh. May God bless you, dear soul, for your kindness, constancy, and sympathy; and in your evil hour may some father come, and whisper in your ear, 'Polly, this very moment leave this nest of hornets.' God speed the time.

"It was now far in the night. The streets were quiet, cold, and clean; a sharp wind was passing down the alleys, and the moon rode high in the heavens, diffusing a light so clear that the chimney shadows lay on the grey pavement as if painted with tar. On leaving Murray's we wended our way down one alley after another. For the greater part of our walk father

spoke not one word to me; he kept a little ahead of me, his hair and coat-skirts floating in the wind, and his hat flung back off his forehead. In this style we continued our march—I behind, he in advance, continuously muttering to himself, and brandishing his cane over his head, as if to parry the blow of a foe, to me invisible. We at last emerged into a wide street, which we crossed, and after threading our way through a lane, which led us out near Hungerford Bridge, we continued our journey over it. When about the middle of it he paused, and turning to me, he laid his hands heavily on my shoulders, and said in great excitement, 'Zuc, do you love me—now, at this moment? Have I been cruel to you? Cry out, this moment, all you feel towards me as your father. Out with it, I say, now. Make a clean breast of all; otherwise, let the river hide us both from the coming morning.' I instinctively fell on my knees and confessed my affection. 'Enough, enough,' he cried; 'I'm satisfied, child. I still have one that does love me a little.' The approach of two gentlemen caused us to move on. He became gradually calmer, adjusted his hat, and began to talk a little to me. A burden had fallen from his weary soul: the Murrays had made him believe that I did not love him and to them had said so. No wonder that "lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord." Had that little scene on the bridge not occurred, two lifeless bodies would have proved that when sin hath conceived it bringeth forth death. We had reached Charing Cross, and hailing a cab, we hurried towards a small village several miles out of London; we passed through a little, straggling corner of it, and stopped opposite a small, clean cottage, with a green iron gate before it, and surrounded by a fence. On knocking, a sweet-faced old woman received us. A few words were exchanged between her and father, who, on shaking hands with her, hurriedly kissed me and disappeared. She now conducted me up stairs to a sweet little bed-room: white as snow were the bed-clothes; a little table and mirror, with a Bible on it, stood in the window-niche, which looked out into the open country. On leaving me she kissed me, and said, 'Good night, child; remember your prayers, and you'll rise happy in the morning,' and left me. So soft and real were her words that I wept for joy and fell asleep.

"I rose rather late next morning, dressed myself, and descended into the kitchen, where sat the dear, sweet-faced old woman at her breakfast. 'Good morning, master,' she said, and filled me a cup of tea, at the same time pushing over to me, on a plate, a slice of nice buttered toast, hoping I would make a nice breakfast. I did so, for my heart was light, and I felt so happy that I was sad; for the life of me I could not believe that my present circumstances were real. How unlike was Mary Sandeman, the lady now at the table with me, to the she-wolf I had just been torn from. Here we were in a kitchen whose furniture was shining as if newly polished, and its floor white from scrubbing as if newly planed. Here and there on the walls hung pink cards with Scripture texts on them, and on its shelves, peeping from between shining tins and polished candlesticks, Bibles, books, and tracts. Not one mask, foil, or fiddle in the dwelling. And when I turned to old Mary, as she sat in her elbow-chair, full of grace and truth, I did think it must be a dream. But, sir, it was not a dream: Mary

Sandeman was real, her kitchen was real, and her sweet home was to me one of the grandest realities I had yet met with in my life.

"Miss Sandeman was a lady about sixty years of age, in stature about the middle size, rather slim in build, hair nearly grey and falling in ringlets over her temples; her countenance was rather square, her cheeks tinged with a fine soft peach red, which set off the mildest brown eyes I ever saw. When she spoke they seemed to soften into masses of heaven's own dew; but if Jesus were the theme, they would brim up till they ran over, her chest would move with her utterance, and her words used to fall on the ear warm with the glow of her heart, the dwelling-place of her religion. All the time I lived with her I never once heard her speak without seeing a smile on her face. She was real in what she did, real in what she said, and God alone knows how real she was in her love to himself. It was 'Glory to God in the highest' with Mary in everything, to the taking of a drink of water, or knocking the dust from her shoes; yet so meekly did she move about in her daily life, and so really did she live Christ, all *felt* and all esteemed the Gospel in Mary's presence. She was remarkably well versed in Scripture, and the commonest conversation *she* could make interesting, and always beautiful, from a singular skill in the art of fitting texts into it. Her talk resembled those pavements of various-coloured stones, presenting to the eye a face or a flower. She so used the words of God as to make them present to the heart's eye the Cross of Calvary, the merciful Jesus, or the shining way up to heaven's gate. She lived partly by her needle, and partly on a small annuity, settled upon her by her only brother, a wine-merchant in the city. She was, in her leisure moments, a physician to souls in trouble. She took a deep interest in the welfare of every one within her reach; the more so if they had a crook in their lot. How I used to sit and hear her tell of the struggles of spirit among her friends, and most of all, the plan she adopted to get father to consent to allow me to stay with her. How the dear saint would laugh when she came to that part of the agreement wherein he handed over to her my stomach, reserving to himself the right of education and making a man of me.

"She gave me a hint, the first day I spent with her, as to father's intentions with me. How I stared, when she told me that in a day or two I was to be entered a day pupil in a Roman Catholic school, where I was to be educated for a season; and if my conduct justified it, I would be apprenticed to some respectable trade, through the influence of the school trustees! All the horrors of my former days came crowding into my mind. A big cross lay on my lot. I seemed once more to move in the thickest darkness. But, sir, I had this time a friend who dealt in nothing but 'heavenlies'—a Polly, too; how strange! But Jesus knew my hour was near. The good time was coming; the happy day was dawning. Miss Sandeman often lifted up my head by her tender sayings. Patting me on the shoulder and peering into my eyes, she would say, 'Fear not, Zucci; I see the bow in the cloud you so much dread. All God's clouds have silver linings; wait till his mercy opens them up.' In my home, happiness dwelt; in my heart, sadness. I dreaded that school as I did Murray's unpacking-room. Was I again to be undone and made a gentleman of? But I was willing to resign myself to my lot once

more; all the more so that I had Miss Sandeman as my friend, and was to return home each evening.

"About a week after my arrival, father made his appearance. He had come to carry out his part of the bargain—the educational part.

"Her face beaming in the morning light, she exclaimed as he entered, 'Well, sir, there's a nice, crisp morning! Is Zucci to go to-day? He has scarcely got the glare of the foot-lights out of his eyes, and the noise of the gallery out of his ears.'

"'*To-day*, Miss Sandeman—this day,' retorted father.

"'Tis well; Jesus is *in* all,' she replied, and made me ready. We left her. I was to return home at five in the evening. She dropped into my pocket a small parcel, saying, with a smile, 'There's a little snap for you during the play-time—children grow best by having meat in due season.' She shook hands with my father and me, and followed us to the little gate, saying, 'May God keep our feet from falling, our eyes from tears, and our souls from death: good-bye till evening.'

"She disappeared, and we proceeded. I saw in my father on this occasion what I seldom witnessed—reverence, genuine reverence. Old Mary's life and sayings always called it forth. After sundry advices as to conduct, and faith in Mother Church, we reached our destination. It was a large square building, surrounded by a high wall; the wall in front was surmounted by a railing. The visitor found access through a wicket in a huge iron gate, opened by a porter, a burly, red-faced little man, clad in a snuff-brown coat and clear buttons. After wending our way along a winding walk through a vast garden, we ascended a flight of large steps, and were received by another porter, who, on learning our errand, asked us to sit down in the hall, and disappeared. I was struck with the severe plainness of the furniture, and two huge portraits on the wall: they were men tall in stature, thin in flesh; each wore a long red robe, and held a skull in one hand and a cross in the other. They looked as if they had just been drinking vinegar, and its sourness seemed to come through the skin of their face and fall upon you out of their round, jetty eyes. Their hair, too, was coal black, and seemed to be cut short, reminding me of that part of Jack Sheppard's person. On me they left a most disagreeable impression. Whilst scanning these two gentlemen in red, we were summoned into the presence of a gentleman in black. After mounting some steps at the end of the hall, we reached a nicely-carved door; on knocking, the porter opened it, and we stood in the presence of a remarkably thin, intelligent-looking man. His features seemed all set on edge, the thinnest edges next the spectator; the ground-work of the countenance had to be traced like that of one of the new plans of Jerusalem; his brow was large, and beetled over a couple of grey eyes, continually on the move; his head slightly inclined to the side; his voice was sweet and harsh by turns. When he spoke to you, you felt fascinated, and listen you must. But one peculiarity of his face seemed to modify the expression of all its other features. When conversing with you, you felt his lips were at your service, but his eyes were discoursing with some one else—he seemed to be keeping in check another being, seen only to himself. Yes, sir, he was a double man—wise, cunning, and prompt. To me he was two volumes in one, always. This man was the head of the institution; its spiritual adviser, ruler; its tyrant. Before

this mighty man in black, father and I stood hat in hand. After a few quiet pokes at my father on account of the past, and sundry questions about the present, on his promising to be a more faithful son of the Church, I was admitted a day pupil of the institution. I will not fatigue you with many details about the life I led at school: how much I learned there my present condition will best reveal. As to knowledge, it seemed, according to them, to have fled from the horrors of the outer world like a frightened pigeon, within their walls, and sure, had that house fallen, knowledge would have been buried in the ruins, and never again appeared upon earth, unless Mother Church, in the exercise of sovereign mercy, had condescended to raise it from the dead. From their teaching, from their conduct, that was the only conclusion I could come to. Just before leaving this part of my history, permit me to mention another singular impression their mode of teaching left on my mind concerning religion: in their hands it seemed like a creature with a great many heads. Here the blessed Jesus appeared as head; there it was Peter; yonder it was Mary; or, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, it would fall into any shape you liked. Yes, sir; Jesus, the Saviour and God of believers, appears lost in a crowd of saints in their creed. Nay, once I was forced to say in my soul (I hope I was not too profane), in the Gospel as taught by the Church of Rome, Jesus is as difficult to find as a 'needle hid in a bottle of hay.' Another thing struck me very much in their system. Certain kinds of food, good all the days of the week, on Friday became exceedingly dangerous. I was taught this lesson very impressively. My first Friday in school, at the dinner hour, the other pupils undid their little parcels of lunch, and so did I. Some were eating bread-and-cheese; a few were rejoicing over the tail of a fish; others, with faces as long as the strings of their tops, were dining on simple bread-and-butter. I was overflowing with joy and gratitude over a nicely-prepared sandwich from the pure hands of holy Mary Sandeman. All at once a sharp little fellow sitting next to me started to his feet, and, raising his hands on high, exclaimed, 'Zuccani, you sinner—eating beef on Friday! Master!! Master!! Zucci! Zucci! beef! beef!' The energy of his speech made his face bend downwards towards me. Not thinking that his gesture was meant to send his words into my soul, but was an open attack upon my sandwich, in a moment I sprang past him, clearing in the same bound a number of forms. I retreated into the play-ground, and was making for the garden, followed by all the young 'Saint Fridays' of the school, headed by the master. Woe on me and my poor sandwich in that awful hour! We were hurled in the mud together. Two youths were ordered to lead me to the chapel; the others assembled around one of the pupils, bearing over his head my poor sandwich, all eyeing it as an unholy thing; but in their dinner-lists they set it down as something of a very different kind. Suffice it to say, the battle of the sandwich cost me some extra lessons, a season of excommunication, a solemn lecture on self-denial, and the loss of my lunch. One thing I did gain by this battle, and which none could take from me—a glimpse of the ridiculous side of Rome's penances. Every exhortation on this head appeared to me after this as a joke, as crowned with the high-crowned cap of old St. Punch. One other reminiscence of this part of my story, and I am done with it for ever: the preparation of the youths for confessional. Among the pupils it is considered the grand step to holiness, pardon, and saintship.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

MAGAZINE.

"Point thy telescope on high;
Search beyond the starry sky;
There, beside the healing tree,
Numbers without numbers see.
Once they were of meanest birth,
Scorned and scouted on the earth;
Once they lurked in dark abodes;
Once they ran in downward roads:
Now the golden streets are trod,
They are 'kings and priests to God;'
Now the golden harps are strung;
Now the heavenly song is sung;
'Glory, honour, praise, and power,'
Are the strains of every hour:
Thus, through all eternity,
Shall their glorious future be!

"Christian patriot, gaze no more;
Time for gazing now is o'er.
Much is yet to be achieved;
Much of woe to be relieved,
'Gainst the coming of That Day.
Watch, and work, and give, and pray."

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TO OUR READERS.

THIS page, although in position the first in the volume, is, however, the last in point of time that receives the strokes of the editor's pen. This gives him an opportunity of taking a glance of the year's proceedings, and then touching on the points of special interest coming within the year's limits.

The year 1862 has been eventful. It began in deep gloom. The death of the beloved Prince Consort was unexpected and sudden. His removal from our midst in the very prime of life, and at a time when his presence, his counsel, his highly cultivated mind, and his moral influence seemed indispensable, was a blow that, for the time, paralysed nation, the effects of which are yet deeply felt, although nigh twelve long months have since elapsed. None felt its force so greatly or so poignantly as our beloved and bereaved Queen. God in love sustained her in the depth of her anguish. Her beloved family surrounded her with the strongest affection, and the whole nation, with singular unanimity, gave expression to a sympathy that language fails to express. In the death of that Prince the Ragged School Union lost a friend and donor.

This national calamity occurred when the Committee of the Ragged School Union were making strenuous efforts to recover the pecuniary position they held four years previously. During that period their resources had lessened by £2,607 2s. 9d. In consequence of the death of the Prince those efforts were for a time suspended, and when resumed the response was not so satisfactory as had been hoped. The civil war in America had so disarranged business in England that commercial men, who generally gave liberally to Ragged Schools, scarcely felt justified to give donations out of capital. The consequence was that the Committee, although generally very kindly received by the city firms, and in some instances liberally aided, did not realize the amount required.

The International Exhibition during the summer engrossed public attention, and for the last few months the urgent claims of Lancashire have nearly absorbed the whole of public contributions. It is a matter for general rejoicing and for deep gratitude that help has been nobly rendered to the North in this season of distress. Yet we must not close our eyes to the sufferings and wants of London, and suppose all is well there. It is far otherwise. The poor of London as well as of Lancashire suffer keenly and with patience. The local charities are less able now than they have been for some time to meet necessities pressed upon them, and the receipts of the Central Committees with which they stand connected are far below the ordinary average, and, consequently, effective help cannot be rendered by the central bodies to the local funds.

As a sample we give a few particulars of the Ragged School Union, to which 200 local schools look for help, and if not given, no small portion of that number would be compelled to close their school doors. The annual meeting of the Union was held on May 12, since which time the expenditure of the Committee has every month exceeded its income, as the following, extracted from their monthly minutes, will show:—

		£	s.	d.
Excess of expenditure over income for	June	234	18	0
" "	July	42	4	0
" "	August	508	19	3
" "	September	109	6	10
" "	October	207	17	0
" "	November	156	19	10
" "	to the latest date before going to press	384	12	6
	Making the total	£1,644	13	5

to be the excess of expenditure in the last six months only. It is clear that this *progress* cannot, and should not, be long continued. It may be prolonged for a time, but not without disasters to one of the most needed, and, hitherto, one of the most successful of metropolitan efforts. It is hoped that by making a clear statement of the case before *real* damage is sustained, that the foreboding evil may never be realized.

The year 1862 has been full of eventful incidents. It began when we were in deep mourning, it continued its course while we were passing through great bustle and excitement, and now closes its course while we are in the midst of great efforts to relieve distress of gigantic proportions. We cannot part with the old year but with feelings of considerable anxiety as to the character of the events that will be recorded during the course of its successor.

THE EDITOR.

1, EXETER HALL,
December, 1862.

CONTENTS.

Papers, Original and Selected.

	Page
A Diamond Ring and What it Did	211
Australia, Ragged Schools in	217
A Generous Beggar Boy	156
A Plea for Special Aid	1
A Seed that Fell on Good Ground	237
Abstract of the 18th Report of the Ragged School Union	125
Another of Life's Bye-Ways and What I Found There 53, 82, 101, 151, 174, 205, 225, 248,	270
As the Homes so the People	146
Auckland Ragged School	241
Benevolence, By Whom, for What	73
Bible Classes for Senior Scholars	118
Blanket, What a Blessing is a	12
Brentford Ragged School	30
Buck's Row School	278
Children's Employment Commission	186
Children's Holiday	236
Corporal Punishment in Gaols	113
Cost of Crime	252
Cost of Education	122
Darnley on Ragged Schools, The Earl of	202
Death in a London Bog	212
Death of Mr. James Butler	157
Death of John Doulton, Jun., Esq.	89
Death of Mrs. Walters	280
Delegates Meeting	118
Devil's-Acre Tea Meeting	33
Distress Resulting from War	265
Dumfries Light Porter Brigade	211
Dwelling, Model	146
Education to be Good Must be Suitable	6
Education, The Cost of	122
Emigrant Teacher, The	10
Flower Shows in Ragged Schools 169,	214
Gipsies, The	193
Girls' Working Class	14
Government Commission on Children's Employments	186
Gravesend Ragged School	201
Great Change and How it Came About, A	160
Grotto and its Inmates, The	177
Holidays for Ragged School Children	236
Holiday Making and Makers	234
Honest Peter	16
"In Memoriam"	280
Jurston Street Ragged School	13
Kirkdale Ragged School, Liverpool	36
Lancashire Distress	268
Last Five Years' Growth of the Ragged School Union	1
Letters from Old Scholars	181
Letters from Emigrants	209
Light Porters' Brigade, Dumfries	112
Little Rag Sorter	59
Liverpool Ragged School Union	116
London, its Churches, Missionaries, and Schools	51
London, its Size and Population	49
Model Dwellings for the Working Class	145
Neddy and Me	40
New Zealand, Ragged Schools in	241
Normal Sheet Lessons	92
Nutfield, The Teachers Again at	233
Ogle Mews Ragged School, The Laying of the Foundation Stone of	232
Our Workfield	49
Payment for Results	121
Peabody's, Munificent Gift to London by, Mr.	97
Penny Banks	15
Photograph of a Model Teacher	25
Plea for Special Aid to the Ragged School Union	49
Punishment in Gaols	113
Rag-Collecting Brigade	94
Ragged School Boy Did, What a	40
Ragged School Children's Holiday	236
Ragged School Extension, Australia	217
Ragged School Extension, New Zealand	241
Ragged School Statistics	126
Ragged School Teachers' Holiday	233
Ragged School Union, A Plea for	49
Ragged School Union, The last Five Years' Growth of the	1
Reciprocation, Boston to London	5
Rewards for School Attendance, &c.	14
Results of Government Schools	74
Results, Payment for	121
Rules of the Rag-Collecting Brigade	95
Scene in Sydney Ragged School	217
Scholars' Prize Conditions	188
Scholars' Prizes, The Distribution of	107
School Agents' Reports 65,	183
School Lessons	91
Shoe-Blacks at Exhibition	188
Shoe-Blacks' Statistics	71
Shoe-Blacks' Winter Treat	69
Special City Meeting	77
Speeches on Ragged Schools by—	
Bayley, M.A., Rev. Emilius	132
Bevan, R. C. L., Esq.	81
Briscoe, J. Iratt, Esq., M.P.	111
Carden, Alderman Sir R. W.	112
Chown, The Rev. J. P.	138
Cuthbertson, Rev. W.	144
Darnley, The Earl of	202
Hall, LL.B., The Rev. Newman	134
Hussey, Rev. J. M'Connell	110
London, The Lord Mayor of	77
London, Common Sergeant of	79
London, The Chamberlain of	82
Merle D'Aubigné, The Rev. Dr.	143
New South Wales, The Gov. of	220

Page

Speeches on Ragged Schools by—
Payne, Joseph, Esq. 107, 142
Shaftesbury, K.G., The Earl of 128
Stanley, M.P., Right Hon. Lord 36
Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord ... 137
Wise, of Sydney, Mr. Justice 221
Stanley, M.P., on Ragged Schools, Right Hon. Lord..... 36
Statistics of Crime 252
Statistics of Ragged Schools 126
Success, The Teacher's Love of 89
Sufferings of An Orphan 255
Sussex Street Ragged School, Sydney 219
Tea Party in the Devil's Acre 33
Teachers Again at Nutfield 233
Teachers' Conference 91
Teachers' Four Loves 87
What A Ragged Schoolboy Did..... 40
Work and its Workers 13
Working Class for Girls..... 14
Yorkshire Penny Bank 156

Poetry and Rhymes.

A Radiant Light Illumes the glorious Way 281
Address to the Ragged School Union 165
Albert 165
"Blessed Union," Source of Good 165
Child's Plea, The..... 35
"Cheers for the Ragged School Flag, 46
"Come, Brothers, Join Our Band" 42
Comrade's Hymn, The 42
"Eyes of the Body, The..... 109
"Go on, My Hobby, Never Fear" 21
"God Save Our Gracious Queen" 210
How Many Poor I See 166
How Much Do I Deserve 166
"I Never Knew A Mother's Love" 227
"I See A Column of Slow Rising Smoke"..... 198
"Man Is God's Image" 73
Missing Two, The 21
My Hobby 22
National Anthem..... 210
"Nothing to Do? O pause and Look 166
"O Noble Prince, High born thy Lot" 165
Ragged School Flag, The 46
Ragged School Lyrics..... 35
"Rise, for the Day is Passing"..... 29
Sin Worketh; Let Us Work..... 53
Song of Many Colours 70
Sow Beside all Waters 124
Take These Children, Young and Small..... 141
The Poor Man's Friend 165
The Queen has Decoration Given ... 143
"This School was 'Union Mews.'... 232
"'Twas Sabbath Morning 21

Page

Valentine's Day with Shoe Blacks 70
"What Skills it, if a Bag of Stones or Gold"..... 74
"When Pleas'd I Look Round" ... 70

Correspondence.

Christian Young Men's Association and Ragged Schools 189, 240, 262, 284
Cornhill Magazine and Westminster 238
Police at Ragged Schools ... 45, 71, 260
School Entertainments for Parents 21
Sunday Evening Penny Banks 20, ... 43, 45, 72

Children's Gallery.

Beggar's Livery, The 260
Destitute Boy Became a Nobleman 258
English Boys in America 18
Little Seamstress 19
Love 18
Mother's Testimony of Schools..... 18
New Shoes 163
News Boy's Speech..... 164
Parmentier, The Chemist 258

Teacher's Column.

Bible Classes for Senior Scholars ... 118
Conference of Teachers'—School Census 91
Cultivation of Flowers 169, 214
Education to be Good Must be Suitable 6
Model Teacher, A 25
Normal Sheet Lessons 92, 93
School Agents' Reports 64, 183
Teachers' Conference, The 91
Teachers at Nutfield 233
Teacher's Four Loves, The..... 87
Way to the Heart, The 161
Work and Its Workers 13

Notices of Meetings.

Auckland, New Zealand..... 244
Brentford..... 30
Collingwood Street 24
Exeter Buildings 119
Field Lane 166
Fitzroy Market 171, 169
Flower Show Meetings 169, 214
Gravesend 201
Hindes Mews 168
Kingsland, and Dalston 47
Kirkdale 36
Lamb and Flag 214
Leeds 22
New Nichols Street..... 215
Ogle Mews 94, 232
Perkins Rents 191
Ragged School Union 77, 128
Reading 264
Robert Street 23
Scholars' Prize Meeting 107
Sydney 220

Donations and Subscriptions for the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, or for any School in connection with the Society, will be thankfully received at the Society's Office, 1, Exeter Hall, London, W.C.; or at the Society's Bankers, Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, and Co., 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

*** Post Office Orders should be made payable to Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, Secretary, 1, Exeter Hall, London, W.C.

See that row of fine fellows, some of them the soul of all the sport in the play-ground. I am sure there is one sitting there among the candidates, supposed to be, nay, called; Old Father Fun, turned into a boy. How sad his merry soul looks to-day! Sleep and he have not met this week; aye, the story runs, light has been seen in his room all the hours of the night; yea, even it is whispered, laughing Joe has washed out with tears all the merry marks in his happy face. What is the confessional? Something very strange it must be, to make Joe and these five others hang their heads like wheat-stems beaten with wind and rain. How kindly and tenderly all the teachers speak to them! Why did one of the five say to me the other day, 'Zucci, would you not like to be one of us—to be holy, become a saint?' The awful day arrived: the separated ones are marched up, one by one, to a private door, through which Father Pennant, the man with coal black hair, grey eyes, and edgy features had passed a little while before. All the pupils that day were still; the hum of the school had died away, and, as if an execution on the quiet was being performed behind that private door, each head hung low; all seemed afraid to breathe, and every eye fell on that door, each apparently eager to get the first glimpse of the mangled remains of the first victim of some infernal mystery. I sat silent; I, too, was breathless. Memories of the unpacking-room tied my tongue and squeezed my lungs. The first one returned. The grey eyes, edgy features, and double tongue had done their work. It's poor Joe. Dear little fellow, what a cowed, crushed thing now; thoroughly thrashed; the very spirit sucked out of him! He'll never laugh again; he'll weep to the end of his days! Poor Joey, I'll ever remember thee by thy jokes, and loud, loud laughter. Nay; priest nor devil will ever unmake what God hath made: they may mar it, but destroy it they never can. Such were my reflections as I saw the frightened little ones led one by one from the hand of the destroyer with the grey eyes, to a dark corner of the school, to finish in quiet meditation the rest of the mysterious work. All over, the holy father leads the man-made saints before the assembled school: an address on the mystery is delivered. The young saints are congratulated on their elevation. All are earnestly invited to follow their example; and the sanctified ones are led forth amid chants and hymns from their less holy companions to their dormitories and a good cup of tea. I returned home, sadly musing what these things meant. Dear Mary Sandeman in one hour drove the grim apparition from my soul by a few verses from the dear old Bible. Ah, sir! the saints made by the Most High, upheld by the glorious Spirit, and washed by the blood of the covenant, stand longest. When summer days were fine the faces of the five saints shortened, and dear St. Joe grew shorter in the face every day, and like snow-flakes in the river, the five melted away among the common herd, and were only known from the others when the confessional day came round, by being less easy in their consciences and more hypocritical in their conduct. I, too, have passed through the fire, as hard in my heart and wicked in my life as ever; and when, in that sombre room, only two sinners were present to my eye; one on the floor on his knees, the other, the bigger of the two, in a box, suggesting, by his cunning queries, sins, the existence of which, but for that infernal institution of the Romish Church, would be for ever hid from the young mind. Finally,

sir (for I want to escape from this part of my story), one thing I learned concerning Popery: its teaching never touches the heart; it hacks and hews the poor flesh, and, on close inspection, turns out an attempt to make clean the stream without once touching the fountain. Its poor victims are like boys on a slide: except God say No, they must go to the end of it, because of the pressure behind and the dark influences all around. But, sir, the hour of my redemption was drawing nigh. My father's restless soul was once more on the move. 'Break up, break up,' was once more the cry, and orders to march were once more issued. How was I to leave old Mary Sandeman, her sweet home with its three silent hours (the name she gave to her three periods of prayer)? Am I to lose sight of that new world she had just opened up to me, with its Jacob's ladders, Daniel in the den, the three holy children in the fire, and that world's blessed One, with his eyes shining with love, his heart breathing out prayers for them that slew him, and pouring out his blood that we might be dressed in snowy coats when we go to the palace of the great King. Dear Mary Sandeman, my father has my body, you have my heart; and very soon by your prayers your blessed One won my soul. Murray and Mother weaned my soul from man: men unconverted are tyrants, demons. Rome, thy Church taught me the art of deception; the existence of certain sins known only within thine own walls; and this from thee I also learned, that the sinner's heart is beyond all improvement through the flesh. But, Mary, from thee I've learned that true godliness is a thing of the heart, the workmanship of the Holy Ghost; not of the will of man, nor of the groans of the starved flesh. That peace the Spirit brings, that Saviour who can save to the uttermost, and both endeared to my heart by thy holy life, dear Mary, I've resolved to find and cling to till I die.

"I was removed from Mary's care almost as rapidly as I was removed from that of Murray; but not in anger—in tears and with breaking hearts we parted. But, sir, you'll spare me the rehearsal; it would open all my wounds afresh. The cause of my removal was a resolution on the part of my father and mother once more to take a house again. It was resolved and done. Father and I found employment at a large paper factory; mother found employment in her house-work. All for a season went on well. A few weeks passed away before change, the evil spirit of our lot, once more appeared. This time, however, it was a change from restlessness to repose, from the world to the fireside, from the day of life to the night of the grave. He was struck by that disease of which he now lies dying, and several years are come and gone since then. I remained at the factory, and, along with my mother, have done all to keep our home comfortable. My poor father is fading away, and soon will disappear. Often have I sat watching him as the day wore away, his eyes faintly shining, his mind wandering, and his voice so reduced as to resemble an echo dying, dying away among the rocks. How earnestly have I longed to know to what spot his weary soul had turned for rest! Often do I cry that the Lord would meet him in the way, and stretch out a finger of his wounded hand, that father's troubled soul might perch upon it like a tired dove. At last my own soul catches father's melancholy, and I find relief generally in a long and lonely walk. It was in one of these melancholy walks that the great event of my life took place.

I had been sitting by father's bed one afternoon, when his features all of a sudden became unusually pale, his eyes half closed, and his mind wild and wandering. I got so unutterably sad that mother wept to see us both. I secured the first opportunity of going out, and while musing in what direction to go, a sudden temptation to visit the theatre was darted into my mind with such force that in a few moments I felt powerless in its grasp, and as helpless, and with equal speed, was I carried to the spot, as is the feather on the wings of the wind. I ascended the steps, and found myself in the pit. I had scarcely sat down, when 'Fire! fire!' re-echoed over the whole house. Such a scene! aloft, swearing, rushing, and tearing; above all was heard the prayers of the down-trodden for mercy. In the pit a rush for the stage is made; and, strange to say, I found myself flying from death across those very boards where I commenced earning a living. Escaping by the stage-door, I found myself in the streets, weltering among a sea of human beings. I cleared my way, making for home, but in the terror of the moment I had turned south instead of west. I believe that God had sent that fire to be like the glowing sword of the angel stopping Baalam's way. Under this awful sense of danger and wrath, I wandered along a narrow lane, shouting aloud, 'Mercy, Lord! O Lord, mercy this time!' While almost mad with fear, and in the darkest part of the road, I heard the sound of music: it was a number of voices singing a hymn. I staggered to the door, waited till they were engaged in prayer, and slipped down among the kneeling crowd. After prayer I sat down, hiding my face in my hands. A little bright-eyed man, his face all smiles, mounted a platform and gave out for his text for the evening these words: 'Escape for thy life' (Gen. xix. 17). I lifted up my head, stared all around. I could stand it no longer: I gave vent to my sorrow in a shriek of despair. 'Where? where?' Methought the flames were gathering around me. The little assembly started to its feet, and its remarkable little preacher came up to me and said, 'Behold the Lamb of God, brother.' I stared wildly into his face and made no reply. 'Come, give us your hand, and I'll run with you.' I intuitively laid it into his, he kneeling and gently bringing me to my knees. He now prayed, all the others kneeling round us. Oh, that prayer hadpower, sir, as the preacher agonized with God for me! He wept, he mourned; then he seemed all of a sudden to get a glimpse of my condition before God, and the value of my soul. Oh, sir, an awful sense of my sins weighed down my own spirit! I fainted, and when returning to consciousness the little preacher was the first to greet my eyes. Smiling through his tears, intently gazing on me, he said, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' My soul seemed to pause in her struggle, and on tiptoe seemed to listen: backward, forward, and upward it looked. These words were soft as the music of the lute on a lake in the silence of night. All my iniquities seemed to fall into that blood; and my soul became quiet, and found relief in tears of joy. A sense of the mercy of Jesus so filled my soul that I absolutely danced with joy, and began talking to the trees about his dear name. Thus, sir, chased by the devouring fire from the boards, I have been caught in the arms of Jesus, where I long to live for ever here, and to sing for ever hereafter. That night I passed from death unto life, and, through my adorable Lord, will live for evermore.

"I have now told you my simple story. I ask you, as a friend, to provide a field for me more suitable than those I've laboured in, if you can. If not, I can still say, 'My Lord Jesus does all things well: thy will be done.'"

The writer may add, that poor Footy died after several years' illness, trusting in Jesus. The duchess, his wife, is an active working woman, has been taken by the hand since his death, and is doing well; and she also is looking unto Jesus. Poor Zuccani is a godly servant in a gentleman's family, and one day may prove to all men that he that sows in tears shall have a reaping time of joy.

BUCK'S ROW NEW RAGGED SCHOOLS, WHITECHAPEL.

We have to record with pleasure the opening of new Ragged School-rooms in one of the lowest and most thickly populated parts of Whitechapel during the past month.

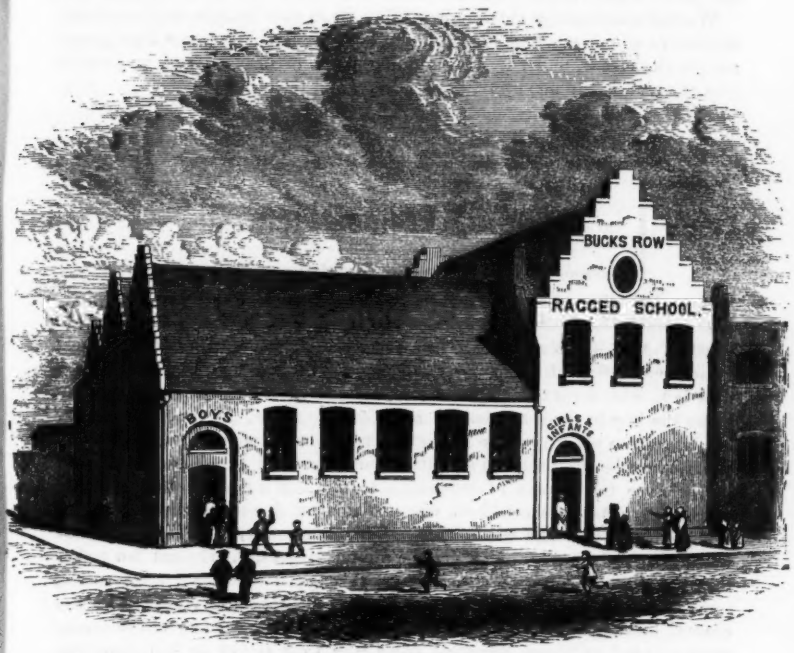
A small Ragged School had for several years been at work close by. But the room in which it was held, though the best that could be obtained, was small, low, and badly ventilated. Nearly opposite was a piece of waste ground, adjoining a distillery, where the boys of the neighbourhood played at pitch-and-toss, and where was once the parish ducking-pond. The late rector had often cast longing eyes on it as an admirable site for new schools; but though he offered more than once to pay a fair price for it, the owner declined to sell. Towards the end of last year, however, the property having changed hands, and being now used for a different purpose, the present rector, Mr. Cohen, made a similar proposition to the recent purchaser, Mr. Torr. He, too, declined to sell, but, with most disinterested generosity, promised virtually to *give* the ground, on condition of a Ragged School being built upon it within a certain time. Nor was this all; for during the whole time the building was going on he rendered every possible assistance, besides contributing a handsome donation towards the funds.

This most unexpected offer of a site for the long-wished-for schools—perhaps the best possible site in the whole parish—was felt to be like the voice of Providence bidding to *go forward*. It seemed as if God's time had at last come. Till then the plan, though often discussed, had been found impracticable. There had appeared no hope of overcoming the difficulties which presented themselves. But now the great difficulty was gone, and from that time forward every other hindrance vanished too.

A Committee was at once formed for carrying out the work which God himself had thus opened the way for. The parish was systematically canvassed for subscriptions, and with a degree of success calling for the deepest thankfulness. John Davis, Esq., headed the list by a promise of 50 guineas, since increased to £82 10s., and lent the whole weight of his influence to the scheme, personally soliciting subscriptions, and ready at all times to give his valuable advice and assistance as the building progressed. It may be taken as a remarkable testimony to the reality of Ragged School efforts during past years, that a proposal of such magnitude was responded to by one voice of approval throughout the parish. Donations, large and small, were most

liberally poured in, so that in little more than twelve months over £1,500 have been collected, of which nearly £1,200 have been contributed in or by Whitechapel itself.

It had been found out, by careful investigation made a short time before, that there were not less than 1,800 children of the very poor living in the immediate neighbourhood of Buck's Row, within what was till lately the district of one of its missionaries, of whom only a very small number attended any school at all. It was, therefore, determined to erect as large a building as the ground would admit of, since there was little fear of any lack of scholars. An experienced architect was requested to furnish plans for a commodious, substantial, plain building, in which not one farthing should be wasted on mere ornament, and which should contain separate rooms for the boys, girls, and infants, as well as a small house for the master. The



engraving will show how well these conditions have been met. We doubt whether more convenient Ragged Schools are to be found anywhere. The rooms for the boys and infants are on the ground-floor, and can, on occasion, be thrown into one. The girls' room, which is over the infants', is remarkably light and pleasant. The three together will afford accommodation for nearly 500 children.

The first stone was laid last March, by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough;

and in the evening a crowded meeting was held in Mary Street School-room, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury occupied the chair, and Judge Payne, with other tried friends of Ragged Schools, took a part. Since then everything has gone on prosperously; and on the 11th of November, less than thirteen months since the original offer of the site, the rooms were opened with a meeting for prayer, after which a larger and more general meeting was held to celebrate the occasion, at which the chair was taken by the late rector, the Rev. Canon Champneys.

In addition to the Day Schools, there will be Evening Classes for Boys and Adults. The work has already begun, the scholars from the original Buck's Row Ragged School having been transplanted to the new buildings. Mothers' Meetings will also be held in one of the rooms, and on a Sunday evening the ground-floor will be used as a Ragged Church. Various other operations will be carried on.

We make no apology for recommending these new schools to the earnest prayers of all our readers. May they prove a light shining in a dark place, and be the means, under God, of guiding many to heaven; and may God's blessing rest on the managers, the teachers, and the scholars.

In Memoriam.

The following elegy—or rather, from its true portrayal of the subject, photograph—was composed by an inmate of Field Lane Refuge, on the death of Mrs. Walters, for many years a devoted voluntary teacher at Field Lane Ragged School. She possessed a special talent for disciplining those wild lads who form the staple of a genuine Ragged School, large sympathy being the key to their hearts and consciences. Thus, the first time we saw her, about ten years ago, the rough unkempt youths, of whom her class consisted, were nestling round her, with earnest eye and bated breath drinking in the ever fresh news of redeeming love. The influence she manifestly exerted over her uncouth flock was not wonderful, seeing that in everything but the title she was a true *pastor;* and hence, whilst Mrs. Walters faithfully watched over their souls, she did not forget that her class had bodies that equally needed sustenance. Thus, through her personal intervention, some were transferred to permanent refuges; others were equipped for the difficult journey of life; and, above all, as well by private conversations as by letters suited to their individual cases, she ever strove to win them for Christ. Somewhat retiring in disposition, she was no *show* teacher; and hence what we know of her actings has leaked out, and thus it is not known because reported by herself. This at once shows that her labours—as all spiritual work ought to be—were regarded as a work for God, and not to obtain man's applause.

Nor were these untiring labours unhonoured by the Master, who so richly anointed her with fitting gifts for the evangelization of the outcast and

the despised of this great city; for there is every reason to believe that the Holy Spirit baptized many souls, once steeped in sin, with Divine light, who, now walking faithfully as servants of Christ, will become her "crown of joy and rejoicing in the day of the Lord."

Living thus for Christ, she was not left to cross the dark river of death unaccompanied by him, who can alone give grace for the voyage. Almost her last work for Christ in this world, after taking leave of her husband, also an active worker in Field Lane School, was to charge her servants to see that they met her again in heaven. In faith committing her three infants to Him who hath more than a parent's heart, Mrs. Walters died on the 9th of October last, rejoicing in Christ, young in years, but old in the service of her Saviour.

Dear fellow-workers! do you long for a similar epitaph when your life-work is over? Then "Go thou, and do likewise," and so shall it be won, even if it be not graven by the pen of gratitude in the following expressive form:—

"A radiant light illumes the glorious way,
Which shineth brighter to the perfect day;
And she hath trod that path of light through life,
An earnest Christian, and a loving wife.
No selfish ease restrained her holy zeal,
Nor curbed her labours for Christ's church's weal.
Amongst the homeless, where the poor are fed,
And sheltered too, she scattered heavenly bread,
Opened the book of God, and urged to prayer,
Till hope from the crushed heart dethroned despair;
Infusing peace into the troubled breast;
Pointing to Jesus as the wanderer's rest;
Joining her husband meekly in His cause,
Whose blood and death atoned for broken laws,
And opened heaven for all of Adam's race
Whose faith is fixed on Him, and pray for grace.

And she has gone! in usefulness and youth,
And realizes what she taught as truth.
Her hope was Christ; her love was Christ; her prayer
Was still for Christ—for heaven—and she is there—
There, where the angels sing their hymns of joy,
Where troubles cease, and cares no more annoy;
Where the redeemed have met at Jesus' feet,
She now has found an everlasting seat.

She, being dead, yet speaketh unto all
Who heard her once: oh listen to the call;
Follow the path which she has trod before;
Come, come to Jesus, come, and sin no more;
Take up the cross, pursue the heavenly road—
Still there is mercy, peace, and hope in God.
Come to his refuge—Jesus is the Way,
The Truth, the Life—come, and oh! come to-day:
Come, sins and all; Christ's blood will make you pure,
And make your calling and election sure:
Come, while there's life and hope for you, for me;
Come as a helpless, homeless refugee!"

DEATH IN A LONDON BOG.

At the extreme north-west of London, between the notorious Kensington Potterics and Wormwood Scrubbs, lies a district known as Latymer Road. In wet weather nothing can exceed the deplorable state of the roads and foot-paths of the locality, which at such times is a mere swamp throughout, and in many places utterly impassable. The better sort of houses have most of them four to six rooms, but there are very many mere hovels. As an evidence of the fearful condition in which the roads *are*—for nothing has been done to them since the following horrible event occurred—we quote from the *West London Observer* (printed at Hammersmith, on the borders of which parish Latymer Road lies), January 28th, 1860: "After a consultation of about fifteen minutes, the jury returned the following verdict—'That Frances Dowling was found dead in the Latymer Road, on Sunday morning, January 22nd, at a quarter past seven o'clock; and that her death was caused by the mortal effects of congestion of blood on the brain and exposure to wet and cold while lying in the said road: and they further say that the dreadful state of the Latymer Road endangers human life.'" This verdict was unanimously agreed to. Mr. Wakley, the coroner, remarked that he knew the road well, and it was in a disgraceful condition. It was afterwards ascertained that this unfortunate woman was returning to her home about eleven o'clock; she missed the crossing-place and stumbled into one of the miry pits; her feet plunging into the soft clay, became so imbedded that she could not extricate them; her cries for help, and latterly her groans, were heard for several hours, but so accustomed were the inhabitants of this demoralized neighbourhood to hear the drunken brawls of men and women issuing from the "cursing and cursed" public-house throughout the Saturday night, that no one troubled to get out of bed to ascertain the cause of the cries and groans; and the poor, wretched victim to the temptations of the drink-shop perished miserably in the middle of the Latymer Road. "O Lord, how long, how long shall the wicked triumph?" and when will the great body of wealthy inhabitants of the western suburbs of London awake to their responsibilities, and assist those who labour, day after day, and year after year, in the endeavour to remedy such a horrible state of things? But to resume my description of the present aspect of the district. In company with the indefatigable City Missionary, on 1st September last, 1862, I visited every house, with a view of ascertaining the number of inhabitants residing in it. In many instances, where pigs are kept in the rear, the stench is abominable; and how human beings can exist amidst such awful impurities of air is most marvellous. In one of the houses sixteen dogs were kept in the back room on the ground floor, which, with the "front parlour," formed the residence of four adults and ten children. An upper room of another house served as residence and workshop for two shoemakers with their wives and children, whilst a corner was occupied by a couple of pigs, grunting and squeaking for their allowance of food; it is needless to say anything about the unsavoury odour. In four houses, thirty-five adults and forty children were found. The total resident population was found to consist of 512 families, numbering 1,322 adults and

1,116 children, besides, as occasional residents, about 300 navvies and seventy families of gipsies, encamped on a field adjoining the road. A clergyman from the West of Ireland, who walked with me over the district last spring, exclaimed, when he beheld the miserable canvas hovels in which many of the latter exist, "Well, there is nothing to equal this in the West of Ireland, wretched as they are there!" The gipsies remain about eight months in the year. The employments of this population are laundry-work, brick-making, railroad-work, the various trades connected with building, tin-work, "old chairs to mend," &c.

The moral and spiritual destitution is extreme, there being *neither church, chapel, nor school* in the district. It is fearful to see the hordes of children rambling about, apparently enjoying their play amidst these abominations, but far more fearful still to hear the detestable and blasphemous language frequently issuing from their infant lips; and our hearts yearn for a good school-room, where they may be assembled and taught to love and reverence Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" and where their mothers may also be gathered together and receive instruction, both regarding their improvement in the management of their "ragged homes" here, and their preparation for a world to come. The building alone is wanting; for although surrounded by so much squalid degradation, the Lord has many tried and faithful servants, who are occupying the time they can spare, in visiting from house to house, with tracts and words of comfort to many sufferers, and, by the blessing of God on their endeavours, have been instrumental in winning many souls to Christ. Prayer-meetings, Bible Readings, and Open-air Services have been instituted by the City Missionary and his friends, and some persevering ladies, undaunted by the difficulties in the way, commenced a Mothers' Society last year, a kind Christian friend lending a laundry-room for the purpose of holding the meetings in. "He hath done what he could," and may God bless him for it: "he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Many most encouraging tokens of success have appeared; many most inveterate drunkards have been reclaimed; and even amongst the generally careless and ignorant tribe of gipsies some most remarkable instances of conversion have taken place, the sincerity of which has been proved by their giving up fortune-telling and other disreputable means of getting a livelihood, resisting many temptations to return, attending the means of grace, &c. At the earnest request of the City Missionary and several of the working men (who go forth in a true Christian spirit amongst their fellow-workmen, endeavouring to check the drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking), a committee of gentlemen have undertaken to collect funds and build a Ragged School-room, in which also Mothers' Meetings and other special services may be held; and we are warranted to hope much from an undertaking where workers, prepared by the Lord, precede the brick-and-mortar building. A site has already been procured, and a tender for building the room accepted. The trustees have upwards of £200 in hand; about £300 more is needed, and they confidently appeal to the public on behalf of this wretched neighbourhood.

G. B.

Correspondence.

CHRISTIAN YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

Sir,—An early copy of the Ragged School Union Magazine for this month was sent me, I suppose on account of my known connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. This emboldens me to write a few words on the mutual relation of the two societies, and to ask your insertion of them.

For eight years I was intimately acquainted with the working of the Bloomsbury Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and my attention was drawn to the very subject now under discussion. I arrived at the thorough conviction that the Sunday Schools and the Ragged Schools in the neighbourhood were the better for the establishment of that Branch. This conclusion was founded on a large number of instances, of which, however, I will only mention two; asking your readers, at the same time, to bear in mind that the Bloomsbury Branch was numerically a small one. Philip's Garden Ragged School was at one time so badly off for unpaid teachers that the teaching on the Sunday was about to be given up. This was made known at our rooms: volunteers came forward, and the Sunday work was continued. At one time the whole of the teachers at Plumtree Court Boys' Ragged School, with one exception, were attached to the Bloomsbury Branch; and at the present moment, I am informed, an actual majority of the teachers in that school are young men converted through the instrumentality of that Branch, and several of the others derived more or less of their spiritual instruction there.

From my knowledge of other branches of the Association, I believe similar facts might easily be narrated from their history.

And there is another question: What have the Ragged Schools done for the Young Men's Christian Association? They have done something. Take my own case. An apprenticeship as a teacher and superintendent in Ragged Schools was among the things that fitted me for the post I afterwards held in the Association. There should be no collision or jealousy between these two missionary works. Each is deserving of its own honour. Let it be remembered that a young man can obey Christ's command, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep," either in the Ragged School or in the Association; but it does require a larger amount of courage, faith, and watchfulness for him to bring the claims of Christ before his fellow young men, than to teach a class of children, who are confessedly his inferiors, and whom he, perhaps, never meets but on the Sunday. Some young men attempt to accomplish both missions. May their number largely increase.

I am, sir,

Yours obediently,

J. H. Gladstone.

November 8th, 1862.

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